PAUL FLANDERS
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"M. R. A.—An Editorial of Reflection," by Richard L. Masten, Re-Printed in This Issue

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. XI · No. 5 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA · AUGUST 4, 1939 FIVE CENTS

Carmel Post Office Again Becomes Target for Two Kinds of Attack

OPENS THE DEER SEASON

Deer season opened last Tuesday. Since then we have seen numerous machines coming up from the valley and the coast with what the law calls "bucks," but what look more like fawns with antlers, dead and bleeding, on the fenders. We are narrow-minded, intolerant and bigoted in this matter. We couldn't shoot a deer, and, despite years of deliberate efforts to understand, it still remains inexplicable to us how anybody can.

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WHISPERS TO PEOPLE

Allen Griffin: Thanks for your suggestion for the future welfare of Carmel as contained in your editorial comment on our editor's candidacy for Carmel city councilman. As regards your implied denial that your newspaper has resorted to no scheme to curtail publicity about him, might *we* suggest that perhaps thy editorial right hand knoweth not what thy reportorial left hand doeth.

Earl Wermuth: What you must know was in the mind of a certain hobo, ten minutes after you taxied him out of town to the brow of the Carmel Hill the other day, must help you over many low moments that are to come. You asked him when you deposited him facing Monterey: "Say, fella, how long since you ate?" "Yesterday," the guy said. How much more than half a dollar's worth of joy do you suppose there was in the four bits you handed him?

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MASTEN'S "M.R.A." EDITORIAL MAKES DEEP IMPRESSION

Partly from personal interest and partly from necessity, our job being what it is, we read during the past ten days reams of the published word in relation to the World Assembly of Moral Re-Armament and comments thereon by various persons on the Monterey Peninsula. When we were through, and summed them all up, we came to the most gratifying conclusion that the finest, most important and most effective of them all had appeared in our own CARMEL CYMBAL: the "Editorial of Reflection," written by Richard L. Masten. The editor of THE CYMBAL extends his congratulations to Dick Masten, first, and, second, prides himself on his own critical judgment, as M.R.A. workers, in high places and low and in betweeen, agree with him on the supreme importance of the Masten editorial. As the result of its publication, there was not a CYMBAL to be had on the Peninsula last Saturday afternoon, scarcely 36 hours after the issue appeared. In compliance with hundreds of requests that have come in since, we are re-printing Masten's "Editorial of Reflection" in this issue.

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CERTAINLY WE SHOULD SAVE EVERY TREE WE CAN

Down on Twelfth street, near the corner of Carmelo, where centers the family life of the editor of this little journal, there stands a pine tree in the street. Last Tuesday the street department, or three of its most affable personnel, appeared on the street with a scraper

(Continued on Page Two)

Del Monte Kennel Club Show, With 500 Entries, at Del Monte Next Sunday

CHARMAC BOMBER OF AGUAJITO, beagle dog belonging to Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gantry of Monterey, one of the contenders in the Del Monte Kennel Club Show at Hotel Del Monte next Sunday

With 500 entries listed, the 16th annual show of the Del Monte Kennel Club takes place next Sunday, August 6, on the lawns of Hotel Del Monte.

Del Monte Hotel management is responding to the general excitement. A special luncheon will be served on the lawns surrounding the Roman Plunge from 12:30 o'clock until 2 p.m. Freddie Nagel and his coast-to-coast orchestra will play during the luncheon period. At 2 o'clock the Douglas School Summer Camp swimming team will put on an exhibition of swimming and diving at the pool. All during the day light refreshments may be procured on the lawns nearer to the hotel, just exactly as they did last year. Then of course there's the taproom to consider, always a popular spot. It's going to be a big day, and all indications point to the fact that it will be the Del Monte Kennel Club's biggest and most important show.

Judging begins promptly at 10 a.m. with William T. Payne in Ring No. 1 judging all sporting dogs in catalog order. Ring No. 2, E. E. Ferguson judging all working dogs in catalog order with the exception of Doberman Pinschers. Ring No. 3, Mrs. Charmain Lansdowne, all Toys in catalog order, followed by F. F. Davis doing Terriers, with the exception of Miniature and Standard Schnauzers. Ring No. 4, Mrs. Hazel Leal: Doberman Pinschers. Ring No. 5, Major Bryant Godsol: Obedience Test Trials.

Judging at 2 p.m. Ring No. 1, William T. Payne: Balance of Sporting dogs. Ring No. 2, E. E. Ferguson: All Hounds with the exception of Dachshunds; all Non-Sporting dogs with the exception of Chows and miscellaneous. These breeds in catalog order. Ring No. 3, F. F. Davis doing balance of Terriers. Ring No. 4, Mrs. Jessie Buckman, Dachshunds, followed by Miss Gene Simmonds judging Miniature and Standard Schnauzers. Ring No. 5, Major Bryant Godsol: Obedience Test Trials.

Final Judging of the day begins at 5 o'clock p.m. Variety Group No. 1, Sporting dogs, William T. Payne. Group No. 2, Hounds, William T. Payne. No. 3, Working dogs, E. E. Ferguson. No. 4, Terriers, F. F. Davis. No. 5, Toys, Mrs. Charmain Lansdowne, and No. 6, Non-Sporting, E. E. Ferguson.

Other local entries not mentioned in THE CYMBAL last week include that of Miss Helen Towne of Carmel. She will show her Old English Sheepdog. Mrs. David S. Ball will show a Cairn. Mrs. J. A. Wigmore of Pebble Beach, a Retriever. Mrs. Dorothy Orcutt, a Boxer and a Chow. Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps, Saint Bernards. Mrs. Lillybridge Wier of Journey's End Kennels, Bedlingtons. Mrs. Henry Murchie, Norwegian Elkhound.

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The M.R.A. Assembly was responsible for the re-union of Lucille van Eeeghen and Eric van Lennep, Hollander, and cousin of her late husband. The countess, inquiring whether any Hollanders were among the visiting Oxford Groupers, recognized the van Lennep name and found him at Hotel Del Monte.

ED EWIG WILL REFUSE TO EXTEND LEASE AT PRESENT RENTAL OF DOLLAR A YEAR; COMPLAINTS ABOUT SERVICE RENEWED

On two fronts the Carmel post office finds itself menaced by attack.

Physically, as a building and as a location, it faces the refusal of Ed Ewig, landlord, to extend the present lease after its termination next January.

Morally, mentally, or spiritually, as you will, it is the target again for concerted and amalgamated complaints against the service it renders, or fails to render.

As for Ewig, we can't quite make out, after discussing the situation with him at some length, whether he is discouraged about getting enough jack from merchants and property owners in the Post Office vicinity to make up a decent return on his investment over and above the $1 a year he gets in rental from the United States, or whether he really does believe that the building, even with the post office in some other section of the town, will return him a good and legitimate rental if rented to a tenant able and willing to pay.

It is a fact, however, that Ewig says he will not renew the present post office lease for any $1 a year no matter what help to make up a decent difference he gets from merchants in the vicinity. He says that flatly, and there is no reason why we shouldn't believe him. It is possible, although he won't go so far as to say so, that he is finding it difficult to get the merchants and property owners, who believe the proximity of the post office means the life or death of their businesses, to help him eke out a decent rental.

But he does claim that he has right now a bidder for the place as a tenant, and one that would pay him much more than he is getting from the merchants, added to the government's $1 a year.

Anyway, he says that although the post office is again, as a matter of form, asking for offers of a location for it, and although there is doubt that it will get any offers lower than the present $1 a year, he will not make a renewal of the offer.

"They'll just have to negotiate with me for another lease," he says. "And when they do I'll get a decent rental or out they go."

That's that part of the present menace to the post office. The other matter is a bit more serious. It concerns the heart and soul of the

(Continued on Page Four)

H. W. Turner, Long Carmel Resident, Is Dead

Harry W. Turner, for 20 years a resident of Carmel, and actively interested in its civic affairs since coming to make his home here, died last Wednesday. He was 76 years old.

Turner was a native of Madison, Wisconsin. He became one of the business pioneers of the state of Montana. With headquarters in Butte, he owned or controlled various power companies in that state, as well as in the state of Washington.

On retiring from active business in 1920 he came to Carmel with his family. Failing health forced his retirement from civic interests about a year ago.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Frances Turner Hudgins, of Carmel; an aunt, Mrs. J. J. Cushing, of Carmel, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. J. L. Templeman, of Butte.

Funeral services were held yesterday, followed by cremation.

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N.Y. FAIR FREE TELEPHONE CALL COMES TO CARMEL

On the great map on the wall of the American Tel. & Tel. exhibit at the New York Fair a line of light flashed between New York City and Carmel, California, at exactly 11 o'clock (Eastern Daylight Saving Time) last Wednesday morning.

At 7 o'clock (our time), in her home at Twelfth and Carmelo streets, Dorothea Castelhun Bassett, THE CYMBAL'S "Constant Eater," answered the ring of her telephone.

"New York calling," announced the operator.

It was Mrs. Bassett's friend, Dorothy Kiley, at the New York Fair. She had drawn the number giving her a free long-distance call to any part of the country.

The exchange here has no way of knowing a "free" call from a regular one and the thing can't be checked, but as far as is known this is the first connection of the kind to Carmel from the New York Fair.

At the telephone company's exhibit at the San Francisco Fair the same stunt is worked.

LOOK AT THIS!

The following classified ad, ordered to run four times in THE CYMBAL, ran twice and got 40 answers. If you want to verify this statement, call Mrs. Gil Severns and ask her.

READY TO RENT: Parlor, bedroom and sink to someone having bowing acquaintance with vacuum cleaner and dustmop. Has good bed, shower, lighthousekeeping facilities and private entrance. Everything furnished, utilities included. Priced reasonably and it's clean. Phone Carmel 558, SEVERNS' on Sixth. (6)

and started most desirable levelling of the thoroughfare. So far so very good, but suddenly we discovered a conference beneath the tree and then a saw and then a threat to two of the limbs which grow out and above the traversed part of the street. We saw no reason for this destruction and we politely, but anxiously asked the why of it. We were told that the men were acting on orders from the street superintendent. We asked for a delay until we could talk with Bill Askew on the telephone. We couldn't get him, but we did get Miss Clara Kellogg, street commissioner on the council. We obtained from her a postponement of limb sawing until further investigation was made.

It develops that the street department, and Miss Kellogg, had considered the limbs in the way of traffic. They actually are not. There is plenty of room for a pleasure car to go under them and a high-loaded truck can easily find room to go around them.

We are sincerely hoping that a further investigation will result in a decision not to cut the limbs. Trees in the street and trees almost on the street and trees on the curbs and trees on what would otherwise be sidewalks have made Carmel beautiful. Never should one of them be destroyed or trimmed unless necessary. In this case we cannot see that it is necessary.

Eternal vigilance in this is the price of Carmel.

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HOW MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE REPRESENTED IN THIS SCHOOL BOARD OPPOSITION?

Following the meeting of the Carmel School board Tuesday evening, at which a small group of citizens made what can justifiably be termed an abortive effort to revive the well-dead Paradise Park site issue, it was suggested to the editor of THE CYMBAL that he take a census of the school children in the families of this persistently opposing group.

There hasn't been time to do that more than casually, but looking over the list of names who spent their time Tuesday evening heckling the school board, it would appear that the school children directly represented among them hardly total up to the number whose parents actually sit on that five-member board.

What matters that? The opponents are taxpayers, aren't they? They are as much concerned about the expenditure of money in the construction of a school building as those who have children, aren't they?

Well, maybe, and maybe not.

Barney Segal, who had without doubt had a hand in organizing the group which apparently had no other motive than further to mess up the school situation, certainly isn't lying awake nights worrying about the welfare of Carmel's school. He is definitely and vitally interested in selling Paradise Park and that has been his motive from the start. It's not at all a reprehensible motive. It is a normal and natural one for a real estate broker to have.

As for the others in the small group of recalcitrants, personal motives move almost all of them. A number of them are property owners in the approximate vicinity of the Hatton Ranch site, to be purchased for the high school. Others are business enemies of Paul Flanders, who is selling the property.

The whole thing doesn't make sense as far as the boys and girls of this community are concerned. And, when all is said and done, they and they alone form the one and only factor in any plans made for the construction and maintenance of a school plant.

That the present five members of the Carmel School board are sincere, conscientious and, too, capable of seeing the picture clearly and acting efficiently and honestly in the interests of the district, which means in the interests of the school children, there is not the slightest doubt. This opposition to them, and this effort to block their steps toward a realization of Carmel's dream for a school district and plant of its own, is approaching the category of downright wickedness.

It is amusingly noticeable that the *Peninsula Herald* quotes the word "mandate" wherein the school board uses it in regard to the popular vote favoring the Hatton Ranch site. This effort on the part of a newspaper which has little goodwill toward the Carmel School district to support the group which bristles with ill-will toward it, is merely another indication of the unfairness of the opposition. It is claimed by the opponents of the Hatton site that when the people voted seven to one in favor of its purchase they were voting on misinformation and knew not what they did. The Hatton site proponents will be impressed by this direct insult to their intelligence.

—W. K. B.

Ruth Austin and Edith Greenan "Find" Ruth St. Denis in Carmel and From Her Get a Practical Inspiration

(Ruth Austin and Edith Greenan had an interesting experience last week and out of it has grown something that tends clearly to be exciting. Mrs. Greenan tells about it in her own words herewith.—THE EDITOR.)

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Ruth St. Denis came to Carmel carrying the banner of M.R.A. When Ruth Austin and I, in our respective homes, picked up our evening paper, we each saw a picture of a tall, grey-haired woman, with a peculiarly proud tilt to her head. A peacock head! One exclamation escaped us, it must have been from each at one exact moment: "That looks like Miss Ruth!"

We read the accompanying article. It *was* Ruth St. Denis under whose instruction we together had come to know the art and beauty of the dance.

We telephoned her and when I heard her speak I couldn't believe that such vibrancy, force and excitement could be captured in a voice; not even in the voice of eager youth.

Miss St. Denis may have had a vague idea that Ruth Austin lived in Carmel, but she didn't know where on the face of the globe I had paused, and between us lay 17 years of silence.

Ruth asked Miss St. Denis to dance for her pupils the next afternoon. She said, in asking: "Miss Ruth, do you realize that there come to me young pupils who have never heard of Ruth St. Denis? When I start a new class I preface it always with a talk about you and that for which you stand in the world of Dance. However, I realize that you must necessarily remain a vague image to their childish minds and it has been my constant desire to impress upon them the reality of you and the permanence of your work."

Ruth St. Denis has always given of her inspirational self in a great outpouring which becomes a flood almost engulfing you. True to her nature she said, "Why, of course I will."

She danced for them! She was like a pillar of light in her long white robe. The small children sat grouped on the floor, entranced, their wondering eyes fastened on an unaccountably beautiful woman moving in the sonorous rhythm of a saga.

Ruth St. Denis in her dancing stands forever apart from the popular conception of the dance. Most of us in our inner response to dancing think of bodies moving in delicate balanced power, or in angular defiant force. But when St. Denis dances she moves in the vast measure of an epic. She strikes a bell which is like a tocsin. To watch St. Denis dance as she did for us in the intimacy of Ruth Austin's home, and as Ruth and I had seen her so many times, years ago, is a Moment in Life.

We wept, not soft tears, but hot tears that rolled slowly down our cheeks.

What can you say to a mighty chord of music? Can you walk up to a deep, vibrant note still ringing in the air and say, "You are beautiful, you are glorious?" No, you are quiet, you stand in your silence wanting still to hear the echo of the last bit of tone. So were we until Miss Ruth said in that well-remembered voice of command: "Come here, you two; I want to talk to you." She is still our Teacher in more ways than one, and like two obedient children we stepped out.

"It has come to me today," she said, "that here, now, in this house, at this moment, has been planted the seed of the New Dance, and you two are to work with me and carry it on!"

She does things that way. Her whole career started with a great flash point of consciousness when she looked at a picture of an Egyptian woman in the robes of ancient Egypt. She talked rapidly, fired with the inspiration of this unfolding idea.

"Balance is the keystone of the dance structure. Fundamentally, balance is spiritual. Balance of the body follows the balance of mind. Dance is the spiritual language of the body. You are using the physical powers of the body as the support of the spiritual language. The shells on the seashore, flowers, leaves, the trees themselves—have form. Every atom has form; is in form. This is balance. There is nothing without balance. Masculine and feminine make balance. There is too much masculine in Modern Dance; therefore it is not balanced, therefore not natural, therefore not a true expression of Life. It needs more of the feminine to balance it. The Modern Dance expresses Force. We want Power. The keynote of joy has gone out of the dance. We want to concentrate on bringing back into the dance the feminine element. You two are to work on this under my name.

"If you only create one word, let that word be clear, completely defined that there can be no doubt of its integrity. I will leave this work with the two of you, and never again will I stay so long away from the West Coast. Here Denishawn was born. Here, and this time, here in Carmel we will work again on the New Dance."

This is the story. Ruth Austin and I have taken over a particularly attractive site and within a few months plan to build a studio which shall be our workshop and will be Ruth St. Denis' home and studio when she comes to Carmel which she assures us will be a considerable portion of each year.

—EDITH GREENAN

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With facilities newly improved at a cost of $80,000 the Humboldt County Fair will be held at Ferndale August 16 to 20, reports the California State Automobile Association. Stock exhibits by 4H and Future Farmer groups will be a main attraction. There will be four days of horse racing, under state supervision.

RACQUET CLUB SPONSORS PEBBLE BEACH YACHT RACE SUNDAY

With Mrs. Stuart Haldorn donating the cup, and the Pebble Beach Racquet Club sponsoring the race, four boats will start from the Stillwater Cove yacht basin at 1:30 p.m. on Sunday on a triangular course from the Cove to Point Lobos, heading over towards a marker near the Crocker house, and then back to the Cove again. The race is a free-for-all and entries are still open. Stuart Haldorn will probably sail Harold Johnson's boat. Dick Tevis and Jon Konigshofer will sail their own boats and Captain Leonard Johnson will probably sail Malcolm McNaghten's.

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Cast Is Selected For Ford-Masten Comedy

Byington Ford has announced all but one of the cast for the comedy with music, "Where There's A Will," written by him and Dick Masten, with music by Bill Pierce, and to be produced in Sunset Auditorium in about a month.

Seven of the eight principal parts will be played by Mrs. Alex George, Betty Carr, Spud Gray, Marjorie Davis, Lloyd Weer, Marian Todd and Bob Bratt. Among those in the chorus will be Rosanne Sprinkle, Carol Canoles, Meta Gossler, Beverly Leidig, Virginia Brady, Doris Evans and Norma Prince.

Ford is having a tough time finding his "leading man." He must be able to do some acting, although it is expected the director can help to solve this problem. He must be able to sing, and the director admits he wouldn't be much of a help in this, and he should have the appearance of a college athlete. If you fit such a bill, or know anybody who does, Ford would be tickled to death to hear from you.

The set, which will be an interior and the same for the three acts, is being designed by Jon Konigshofer, with the actual construction work in charge of Col. C. G. Lawrence. Kay Knudsen, assisted by Bill Nye, will handle the lighting.

There are 14 musical numbers. The scene is the country estate of *Thomas Ames* of Pebble Beach. The time is the present and the play consumes a period of 48 hours in the month of June.

It all sounds immensely interesting.

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"KNOWLEDGE OR WISDOM?" ALL SAINTS' SERMON TOPIC

Dean E. B. Clark, who is taking the pulpit for the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé while Mr. Hulsewé is attending the World Youth Conference in Holland, announces as his topic for the 11 o'clock service this Sunday at All Saints' Church "Knowledge or Wisdom?"

Dean Clark is dean of men at Santa Rosa Junior College.

Holy Communion services will be held Sunday not only at 8 o'clock in the morning, but at the 11 o'clock service as well, as is the custom on the first Sunday of each month.

Sunday School is adjourned during the summer months and will not begin until the Sunday following the opening of Sunset School.

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DR. McKEE TALKS SUNDAY ON "CHRIST THE WAY-SHOWER"

"Christ, the Way-Shower and the Bewildered World" is the topic of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon at the 11 o'clock service this Sunday morning at Carmel Community Church. This will be a discussion of the questions: are there Christian answers to social, economic and political problems?

The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. Dr. McKee's Bible Class meets at 10 o'clock a.m.

Visitors to Carmel are extended a cordial welcome.

Laura
announces to her many friends and patrons that she is now with
el paseo
beauty studio
El Paseo Court
Dolores at Seventh
Telephone 120-W

School Board Buys Hatton Site; Plans Application for Building of Carmel High School as WPA Project

The Hatton Ranch site for a Carmel High School is now the property of the Carmel School district.

At a meeting yesterday afternoon the school board completed negotiations for purchase of the property at a cost of $31,000 and the deed, previously placed in escrow, has been ordered released to the district.

This action was taken yesterday in order to make possible application for the construction of the Carmel High school plant as a WPA project, it being virtually certain that a PWA grant will not be available until next year, if at all.

Following the purchase of the property yesterday, the board instructed its clerk, Hugh Comstock, to write to PWA officials in San Francisco withdrawing from the previous PWA application the following items:

Land, $40,000; gymnasium, $54,400; grading of grounds, $3,300; swimming pool, $15,000, and tennis courts, $4,500.

This all sounds very confusing to the layman, and would seem to indicate that the above most necessary parts of the school plant will not be constructed.

However, the fact is that such withdrawal of the PWA application was necessary in order to apply for the WPA project, and, in the WPA application will be included these necessary improvements to a cost of approximately $155,000. The $31,000, paid for the land, will be considered as part of the district's share of the project.

In other words, it is now proposed to construct the entire high school plant at an approximate cost of $300,000 as a WPA project. It is considered quite likely that the government will accept such a project and we will have our high school plant as originally planned.

In answer to the criticism that the land purchase price is out of proportion to the cost of the entire plant, the board yesterday issued the following statement:

"The land purchase was decided upon notwithstanding the ratio of cost to the total project because the board needs to own the site as a condition for filing a WPA application, and because the board has regard to the need for obtaining a site of adequate area."

The board yesterday also adopted the budget totalling $81,238 for the ensuing school year.

Grace Thoburn Digs Up 13 Skeletons, Grinning Skulls and All; Archaeology Department of U.C. Interested

The Department of Archaeology of the University of California is about to bear down on Carmel—definite objective, the home of the Thoburns, Jim and Grace, at Tenth and El Camino Real.

And if you could make your way into the living room of the Thoburn residence (we would suggest you make it in the broad light of day) you would readily see why.

Down there, grinning at space, or at you, if you're in the way, are three or four heads of skeletons of —. Well, that's the question the University of California is expected to solve. Are they skulls of Indians or of Chinese?

Grace Thoburn dug them up, without the permission, in fact, against the expressed wishes of Jim.

It happened this way:

Up in the Tuolumne country, where the Thoburns own 172 acres, more or less, in what was once the Poverty Hill section of a mining district, Grace Thoburn started last Friday to dig a basement for a proposed house of some kind. Jim thought it was absurd for her to sneak away from Carmel just at the busiest real estate season and go and do such a thing. But Grace said she just had to, and (do you know Grace?) she went.

She started digging on an acre that, for some reason or other in the past, had never been mined. And, about four feet down she found—.

Well, you ask her to let you look. There's one skull that somebody who should know, says is about 300 years old. A woman up in the district, whose father was born there, says there couldn't have been anybody buried in that section since 1849. That would make the last one at least 90 years old. But there are indications of Chinese being there. There are pieces of parchment with Chinese characters on them.

And Grace didn't find just skulls. She found complete skeletons. Two of them were buried in holes, in crouching positions. The others were laid out proper. There are in all 12 or 13 of them—complete.

The Sonora newspaper people are all excited about it. So's one of the Stockton papers. And now the University is taking a hand.

It all looks as though it's going to turn out more exciting than you'd think; even than you'd think after talking with Grace, which hoists excited thinking no end.

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"Tobacco Road" In Monterey Wednesday

SHEILA BRENT as Ellie May in "Tobacco Road"

In the 206 years of the American theater, only seven stage plays have reached 700 performances on Broadway. Among these were "The Bat," "Seventh Heaven" and "The First Year." "Lightnin'" achieved 1291 performances but the only two plays to reach 2350 presentations in New York have been "Tobacco Road" and "Abie's Irish Rose." "Tobacco Road" now in the last half of its sixth consecutive year on Broadway is nearly 2400 performances old, while approximately 1900 performances have been given by the only touring company, headed by John Barton, which comes to the State Theatre for a one night performance next Wednesday, August 9.

Written by Jack Kirkland and based on Erskine Caldwell's famous novel of the Georgia sharecroppers, "Tobacco Road" deals with 48 hours in the lives of a group of illiterate and half-starved sharecroppers. The *Jeeter Lesters* and their friends are an unlovely lot but they have one redeeming quality, the love of the soil, to which they cling with almost fanatical devotion. Although primarily a serious study of these people in their native environment, a careful check has disclosed 197 hearty laughs in the performance.

John Barton, noted dramatic star, again heads the cast as *Jeeter Lester*. Sara Perry, who was William Gillette's leading woman in the original cast of "Secret Service," plays *Ada*, the wife; and Eleanor Prynne is *Sister Bessie*. Among the others are Pitt Herbert, Sheila Brent, Edgar Hinton, Eugenia Wilson, Dick Lee, Lillian Ardell, Chester Root and Walter Ayers.

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Post Office Again Target for Attacks

(Continued from Page One)

place, no matter where it is located.

A group of residents of the Carmel postal district, several of them living on The Point, have gathered together a bunch of complaints a bunch of complaints against service after what they claim has been a fruitless effort to get some sort of redress from Mrs. Irene Cator, postmaster.

These complaints have been incorporated in a letter of protest which has been sent to the inspector in charge at San Francisco and to the Postmaster General's office in Washington. A copy was given to Mrs. Cator.

The letter, which THE CYMBAL has seen, contains allegations of mistakes and bad service, or no service at all. Several of them appear to us to be unbelievable, but they are all made by persons who are ready and willing to testify to the truth of them before postal inspectors.

A request is made in the letter that a postal inspector be sent here to interview those who make the charges against post office service here.

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JUDGE ROSS BITTER TOWARD CROSSWALK BLOCKERS

There are traffic violations and traffic violations, but as far as Judge G. P. Ross is concerned there is only one that makes him see positively red and that is the one about parking on a crosswalk. We were talking to him about it up in his office the other noon, and we could really see the sparks beginning to fly.

"To stop or park an automobile on any crosswalk within the business area of Carmel is an unforgivable offense and shows a complete lack of any consideration for the pedestrian. It is so obvious a violation that no one is ever excused. Carmel is a place where people enjoy walking, and their absolute right-of-way is not going to be interfered with if I have anything to do with it," said this redheaded judge of ours, oh, most definitely. "So far, every violator has been fined a minimum of $2.50 regardless of creed, color or social position."

Parking on crosswalks, my friends, is not a local regulation, but a violation of a state law. See Section 586-B of the California Vehicle Code. And don't blame Judge Ross if he fines you the maximum of $50 or five days in jail.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL.

The M. R. A.

An Editorial of Reflection, by Richard L. Masten

(*Reprinted from* THE CYMBAL *of July 28*)

Lieutenant Hall closed the throttle, and while the Jenny glided he said to me, "Now I'll show you an Immelmann Turn." Then he cut the gun in again and when we'd gathered speed he pulled the stick clear back and kicked over the rudder.

Immediately an amazing thing happened. The earth, which had been gliding along under us, climbed up behind our tail, then swung over one wing and landed above us. It stayed there till it seemed to get tired of the game, then came around under our nose and arrived beneath us, where it belonged.

That's the way the thing appeared on my first Immelman. Of course I wasn't so foolish as to think that it actually happened that way. I knew that we had done the gyrating and the earth had stayed put, that I had witnessed an illusion caused by perspective. But I had seen the earth stand on its head—and seeing is believing.

This week our peninsula is host to a group of people who seem to me to have conquered perspective in relation to human affairs in general, just as aviators conquer it in relation to flying. I mean the Moral Re-Armament group.

They're crazy, of course. They have that glorious madness that is part of the equipment of every prophet, every great inventor, every man like Galileo and Columbus. They want to solve human problems by improving human nature, to right the world by righting man. And I think they've got something.

I know that the job they have undertaken is not easy. Their faith has tackled something that makes the moving of mountains seem like a simple little parlor trick. But it is a tremendously important undertaking.

For now that we have got to the place where we *can* move mountains, and have not been made appreciably happier by getting there, it is time to go on to something that *will* make us happier. And since we have tried every other way of doing away with war and poverty and disease, with depression and unemployment and misery, without bettering our fundamental condition, it behooves us to try working on ourselves.

We are often told that human nature does not change. But the people who tell us that are usually tiresome and often troublesome, as people must be who insist that they are no better than the savages from whom our race sprang. I just don't agree with any viewpoint that is so disparaging of the human race.

If the universe has a plan, and if man has any importance in that plan, the race must be designed to develop toward something. For all life is development. And if the something toward which we develop isn't something better, what's the use? And what's the sense of it all?

And the trouble with human existence *must* be human nature. Earth and water and sun have provided for us abundantly. Intellect has capitalized on this abundance, ferreting out the secrets of chemistry and physics and turning them to good account. We have been given everything that we need except worthiness, and this we must develop in ourselves.

Because man has not developed fast enough morally to keep pace with his environment he is unable to take advantage of that environment's improvement. Greed and fear stand in our way. Instead of giving we snatch, and a world that is intent on snatching has but little time and even less inclination to create and to serve.

We snatch for national advantages, for class advantages, for personal advantages. We say we have to because the other fellow is doing the same thing. We wait for him to start the movement toward better understanding, though down in our hearts we know that no one ever accomplished anything by waiting for the other fellow.

There's no hope for us in such a procedure. The other fellow tops our oppression with revolution, our reign of selfishness with a reign of terror. He matches greed with greed, hatred with hatred. When we protest, pointing out his failings, he replies by pointing out ours, and if we have any honesty at all we are confounded.

The fact is that each of us has only one person for whom he can assume responsibility, only one whose development he can be certain to influence—himself. He can do with himself whatever he is willing to do. And if he is willing to turn from fear and greed he can to that extent affect the development of human nature. He can perform in himself an experiment which proves that human nature can be changed.

This doesn't mean that a man shouldn't stand up for his rights. It means rather that each of us should constantly examine his viewpoint to make certain that the things he stands up for are really his rights and not simply his demands. And in the process he does well to orient himself to the rights of others, to check back to the golden rule and find out whether or not the other fellow may not have more complaint against him than he has against the other fellow.

And what will any of us get out of such a course? Well, first of all we get happiness, that real happiness which can come only from aligning ourselves with the great plan by which man must develop toward better things. But we'll get more than that. For the law of action and reaction guarantees that our bettered aspect toward our fellow humans must result in a better viewpoint on their part. It cannot be otherwise.

We'll get peace, without as well as within—peace between individuals, between capital and labor, between nations. Between individuals because the man who gives understanding is the only man who has a chance of receiving it. Between capital and labor because if each can trust the other both will prefer the constructive path of cooperation to the destructive path of strife. Between nations because only a fool will go out to destroy and to face death if he knows that the nation against which he stands is willing to accord him every right and privilege that it demands for itself.

We'll get abundance, too, for our mechanical processes have so developed that the only thing that stands in the way of that abundance is absence of determined cooperation. I have spent enough time on the study of economics to know for a fact that if we work together we can make the poor far richer without taking anything from the rich, if we'll only work together for it without fear and without greed. Our rise will of course be gradual, but the sky is the limit.

All this is merely a reflected image of the message I have myself received from the happy, serious men and women who have gathered here from sixty nations for the Moral Re-Armament Assembly. I don't presume to try to speak for them or even to interpret them. I merely give you the reflections they have aroused in me.

They have started after things from the right end. They have started by trying to develop in themselves absolute purity, absolute honesty, absolute unselfishness, absolute love. And while perfection must probably remain only an ideal and may perhaps never be measured up to, it is the only standard acceptable to real men. Striving for it in self must precede the accomplishment of anything worth while.

Moral Re-Armament looks to God for guidance, but not to a mere conception. Each man may retain his own conception, his own religion, but in the mind of each is the knowledge that behind the conception lies a reality that is universal. That reality is the Guiding Spirit, the Ruler of the Plan to which the adequacy of each man's relations may best be judged by the adequacy of his relations with himself and his fellow man.

Yes, I think the Moral Re-Armament people have something. When you look at them you can't help feeling it. And it isn't something particularly new or startling. It was taught in Galilee twenty centuries ago. It has been taught in the world ever since—taught but not learned. But in today's movement the learning and the practicing come first, the teaching and showing afterward.

That seems to me to be the proper way. For charity is not the only thing that begins at home. Love and unselfishness, peace and understanding, all virtue and all improvement must begin there, too, if they are to be founded on anything firmer than shifting sands.

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AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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THAT TREATY

There is cause for much elation in our frank denunciation
Of the treaty ruling commerce with Japan.
For we've shown without emotion that she mustn't get the notion
That the peaceful Uncle Sam is not a man.
Though we cherish no ill feeling we've decided we are dealing
With a customer who's very, very smart,
Who may use the steel we sell her to beat up upon a feller
And if possible to take his safe apart.

We've been sending her munitions though we knew that her ambitions
Had her envious of us and all our ilk.
And we took our pay for bombers in the stockings and pajamas
And the undies fabricated from her silk.
We accepted toys and trifles to provide her men with rifles
Or with other deadly weapons of offense.
We improved her warlike sinew. And whatever wisdom's in you
Will inform you we were showing little sense.

When we trade like that for trinkets can we scoff at folks who think it's
Just a race of savages with whom they deal,
And by bowing, suave and gracious, they can mask their ways rapacious
And can keep us happy while they go and steal?
No, I'm much inclined to doubt it. We were mighty dumb about it
When we let them lead us on with things like these.
It was foolish. It was shameful. It was criminal and blameful.
And we cannot only blame the Japanese.

But at last we've got some gumption, and we say that trade resumption
Cannot come as long as Nippon is so bold.
We will deal with her no longer if it merely makes her stronger
While she softens us with gadgets and with gold.
We were slow in coming to it, for we didn't want to do it,
Since a Yankee is a trader in his heart.
But we will not sell brass knuckles to a guy who slyly chuckles
As he eyes us for a vulnerable part.

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THAT TRADE TREATY

If you have read the preceding you have something that I didn't start out to write. It just happened. I was going to make some remarks about our denunciation of the trade treaty with Japan, and out of it came an editorial on our domestic political needs.

I'll tell you how it happened. I started to say that if people, or nations, want better things they've got to turn to and work for them. I was going to use national politics merely as an introduction, as a sort of switch engine to pull the train of thought out onto the main track.

And the switch engine ran away with the train.

But what holds for American politics holds for international policy. Our nation's policy has, I believe, been too retiring. It has been so retiring that our English cousins have taunted us with the statement that when an American gets into trouble abroad he goes to the British consulate for help rather than to his own.

There has been some truth in this taunt, too. I know personally of Americans who have had things straightened out for them by British consuls when American consuls failed. And it is encouraging now to see us step up and take the stand that a powerful, peaceful, well disposed nation should take.

We're a funny people. We have a high code of international ethics, as codes of international ethics go. But unfortunately we have been very much like the man with a high code of political ethics who won't take active part in politics. We wouldn't stir ourselves to pull anybody's chestnuts out of the fire—not even our own.

Then suddenly we woke up. Suddenly we grew tired of seeing our business associates commit international rape and informed one of them that we didn't want to go on doing business with people of that type. The trade treaty was off.

We didn't tell the Japanese militarists that we didn't trust them, but we didn't have to. They know what we mean by the abrupt denunciation of the treaty. They know that we disapprove of what they are doing and that we feel that they'd do something similar to us if they could. In the interest of face they may explain things otherwise, but down in their hearts they know.

They have six months in which to mend their ways. Will they mend them? Not if they feel that they don't need our trade treaty, our petroleum, our scrap iron, our munitions of war. But they may not feel that way.

However, their feelings, and their actions are beside the point. The important thing is that America has spoken for herself and acted for herself, as a great nation should.

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MEN WANTED

The trouble with American politics is politicians. And the trouble with politicians is that our best people aren't usually found among them.

By best people I don't mean people whose names are in the Social Register. I mean people of the highest mental and moral fibre.

There are exceptions, of course. But it is a notable and deplorable fact that men of this type rarely take an active part in our political direction. They may endorse or criticise candidates and policies, they may contribute to campaign funds, they may even give some of their time and energy to their parties during national campaigns, but they seldom run for office.

You can't entirely blame them. They usually have weighty personal affairs to attend to. They often abhor publicity. They shun a game whose rules and customs are quite frequently on a par with those of the wrestling industry. And they are aware that they'd probably have the cards stacked against them from the start.

Besides, they are likely to feel that their influence in the political melee would be about that of a straw in a whirlwind. So they stay home and back second raters, who are usually picked by professional small-time politicians and take office owing fealty to them.

All of which is natural enough, but it shouldn't be necessary to remark that it is unfortunate. For so long as capable individuals feel this way we can't hope for political regeneration. We simply cannot have the sort of government that a democracy must have if it is to operate in a truly efficient manner.

Our offices are, after all, held by individuals. Our congress is composed of individuals. And the reluctance of the best type of individual to run for office means that some other type is going to run the office.

Moreover, this individual reluctance becomes, when it is multiplied by the number of political units in our country, a class reluctance. And the class which excludes itself is an aristocracy, not of money or birth but of ability.

The trend ought to be reversed. And if it could be reversed we would get progressively better government. Eventually we might get a government which actually concerned itself with the interests of the nation, rather than with those of political machines and parties, of districts and pressure groups.

True, our best men often have no political ambitions. But this very fact would make it possible for them to serve the nation the better. Preferring private to public life, they would be free from the veniality that is so often noticeable in so-called public servants. They wouldn't function with one eye on holding their jobs because they wouldn't give a hang whether they held their jobs or not.

They'd make mistakes, of course. But they wouldn't make so many as are being made today. For today there are two types of mistakes being made, honest mistakes and mistakes made deliberately and knowingly because they happen to serve self-interest. And the latter type would disappear from our public life.

Once in a while, when things get too bad in some city or district, big men do take hold. Then we see things done, all sorts of things from the bettering of industrial and social conditions to the balancing of budgets and the lowering of taxes. And the same sort of thing can happen on a national scale if big men without axes to grind will take their places in the forefront of the political battle.

+

DOLPH

Old *Dolph* is gone. Last Saturday I took his poor, emaciated, suffering body in my arms and laid him down to rest where the merciful carbon monoxide would lull him to a final, peaceful sleep.

It wasn't easy, this deciding that my old friend should die. But it was easier than watching him suffer. And the sleep was far easier on him than the suffering that the few remaining days of his life must contain.

I know he doesn't blame me. If he knows anything now he knows that I was thinking of him when I did it.

He had been a splendid dog, a big German shepherd with pride in his bearing, alertness in his ears, friendliness in his eyes. When Hildreth and I were first married he and his brother Keit each had a running board on our car to himself. And when they reared up and sniffed the wind we were prouder than a couple of nobles with a coachman and a footman.

But time goes along. The ears had drooped these many months, the eyes were dim, the pride was not quite so evident. Only love and faithfulness remained.

The children played with him, a bit carelessly, as children do. He was patient with them. He saw our oldest grow to be quite a boy. He saw our newest come home.

I used to take him for a run in the mornings. I needed the run more than he did, but he was always eager to go—till there came a day when he couldn't make it any more. And knowing him as I did I knew that it must now be a matter of a very short time.

That short time is up. *Dolph* has gone on to join his noble ancestors.

He has no monument. The earth belongs to the living, and when I go on to where he is I won't need a monument either. What happens to the physical part of me then just won't matter. It won't matter one tenth as much as a bottle of milk for some poor child.

I can't even expect as much as he got. I can't hope that if I reach the time when I am old and helpless and suffering, a burden on those about me and a far worse burden upon myself, someone who holds me dear will arrange my sleep for me as I arranged *Dolph's* for him.

We humans have yet to learn to allow ourselves that much kindness.

"Kathleen," in N. Y. for Five Months Opens at the Filmarte Wednesday

SALLY O'NEIL and TOM BURKE, Irish tenor, in "Kathleen" at The Filmarte Wednesday and Thursday

"Kathleen," based on the famous Irish classic, "Kathleen Mavourneen," and produced in Ireland by the famous Irish Players, opens at the Filmarte Wednesday, August 2, for a two-day engagement. "Kathleen" played to Broadway audiences for five successive months. It stars Sally O'Neil and the famous Irish tenor, Tom Burke, supported by a host of Abbey Players. To quote from the New York *Daily News*, which gave this film three and one-half stars:

"From the legend of Kathleen Mavourneen has been fashioned a film so nostalgic that it could start the sons and daughters of Erin on a general exodus to the 'auld sod'. More than a disembodied nostalgia, it carries background and atmosphere, a comprehensive plot, a capable cast, and a simplicity of presentation to make it real. Put it on your list."

There are two Alexander Korda films at the Filmarte today and tomorrow. "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," with Roland Young and Ralph Richardson, and "Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" with Barry Barnes playing the role of *Sir Percy Blakeney*.

"The Man Who Could Work Miracles" is H. G. Wells' story of the timid clerk who suddenly has the power to work miracles.

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CARMEL

"The wittles is up!"

I received this week two such lovely cook books that I hardly know which to talk about first. At first glance, you might think they were intended to serve a double purpose—to give you recipes and to furnish entertainment for your pre-school offspring who insists on staying in the kitchen while you are baking. Never has it been my good fortune to see such attractively illustrated cook books!

Looking at the title page of "Hungarian Cookery" by Lilla Deeley I see that the pictures were drawn by L. Farkas and Z. Poharnok. I don't know much about Hungary but those names carry a feeling of native birth which makes it easy to understand why the pictures are so fascinating. There is endless detail in the designs on peasant costumes and dishes and stoves and furniture that a child, grown-up or otherwise, could pore over long and happily. The drawings are in black and white and the figures remind one of little wooden dolls, most amusingly expressive. At the head of each chapter is a design, such as one finds on the native embroidery, a scene appropriate to the subject of the chapter, always with a touch of humor that is somehow akin to the spirit of the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

The Hungarians believe in good food and spare no effort to prepare nourishing, delicious meals. "So strong is tradition amongst the Hungarians for a warm midday meal," writes the author of this book in the introduction to her soup chapter, "that even farm and industrial workers insist on it; it is the usual sight in the country to see the female members of the family carrying the midday meal to the fields in a specially constructed, tiered carrier, which also keeps the courses warm. The same applies to town workers; the midday pause finds wives in long queues waiting outside factories. However poor the people may be, there is sure to be a tasty meal for the family; for work, effort and loving care in preparing the meals is never stinted."

All the native names for dishes are given, which keeps you reminded of the foreign origin of the recipes even on those pages which are not adorned by the delightful sketches. I got so distracted at my first examination wondering how anyone pronounced such words as *Husleves zsemlyagomboccal* that I couldn't concentrate on the directions for making anything. Translated, however, most of the dishes boil down to more or less simple items. Even *Hus*-etc. is only clear soup with dumplings, in case you wondered. How it's pronounced will continue to remain a mystery.

There are ever so many recipes quite practical for American cooks who like to experiment with the menus of other countries, and many of them sound delicious. At first, the discovery that measures are usually given in ounces and pounds instead of the more familiar spoonfuls and cupfuls we are used to looked like an insurmountable obstacle, because how many of us have kitchen scales handy these days? But, after all, it occurred to me that in practically all good modern cook books there are tables of equivalent measures so that you can translate these recipes from abroad into our own kind of terms.

"Hungarian Cookery" is put out by Hale, Cushman and Flint of Boston but "The Tyrolese Cookery Book" is a publication of the Medici Society of London, which makes the famous Medici prints, and is distributed by Hale, Cushman and Flint, who are the American agents for Medici productions. This unique cook book, compiled and illustrated by David de Bethel, consists of extracts from an informal diary so that it is something to read and enjoy as well as use for cooking. The names of dishes are given in German and English this time and, as the author says in his foreword, are "for the most part simple, possible to make, pleasing or entertaining to an adventurous palate, and, I hope, interesting to those who have tasted these things in Austria and would like to know the manner of their making." The illustrations, which appear to be charcoal sketches, are varied in subject matter, most of them seeming more suited to a travel book than to one on cooking—which is partly what makes this particular book so attractive. There are indeed "Frau Knapp's Kitchen," an "Old Peasant Honey Cake Mould" and "Anna and Loisie pulling out the Strudel Dough" but on other pages are "The Alt-Stadt, Innsbruck," "Innthal Peasant Girls" and "Hermann Spreading Manure."

I find myself continually sidetracked onto irrelevant reflections as I sit here examining this little book with the gay-pictured cover. Why is it the paper on which English books are printed has a distinctive odor that takes me back to my childhood, and that always gives me a special delight to sniff? . . . The English, I notice, still use the word "receipt" and I can remember when "recipe" was unknown to us . . . It's kinda fascinating to find that this book was "printed in Guernsey, C.I., British Isles, by the Star and Gazette Limited," and to read the dedication page gives you a taste of the feast to follow: "To Baronin Anny von Schey-Koromla (Clymène) whose tales of the Austrian Tyrol sent me from the grey skies of London to the glowing colours of '*das Land der Berge*,' And To Fraulein Anna Rotter of 'the Castle with the Little Red Tower,' whose superb cooking kept me there for a year and a day." . . . And I've never forgotten the editorial scorn of the Encyclopedia Britannica about a common error people make in speaking of Tyrol. "To speak," it remarks, "as is commonly done, of 'the Tirol' is as absurd as speaking of 'the England'."

Sometime soon I'm going to compile a few columns of recipes and you may be sure that among them will be a number from "Hungarian Cookery" and "The Tyrolese Book of Cookery." I only wish I could decorate my column with some of the illustrations that make these two books so original and appealing.

—CONSTANT EATER

David's Play Is Already a Blessing

If for no other reason than that it will have been responsible for the ballroom having its face lifted, the scheduled play, "House Guest," justifies itself. David Eldridge has been trying to get those posts removed ever since he took over the management of the Mission Ranch Club, but it took the production of a play to do it. And you'd never know the old place. It has crossbeams. They're building a stage, too, with a complete stage set, and Kay Knudsen is doing the lights.

"House Guest" is in rehearsal now and is slated for opening August 24. There are some who will say that Eldridge is deliberately putting himself behind the eight-ball by deciding to do a play in Carmel. But there are few in town who realize that he had five years of acting in musical comedy and straight drama on Broadway; that for three years he directed one of Chicago's most successful and prominent little theater groups, and that he directed the Children's Civic Theater in Chicago for a year, doing a play a week and working with 420 children. He did a professional show while in Chicago, too—"Lady, Be Nice," which played at the Blackstone. "House Guest" isn't new to him because he directed it in Hollywood three years ago.

The point of all this is that if the play isn't any good, David Eldridge will know it. Furthermore, he'll be the first person to admit it, and I don't mind going on record with that statement. In the meantime, the cast, some of it from Hollywood and some local, is having an interesting time with a play that is really a knockout. The snappiest and most sophisticated of dialogue, good comedy, and a mystery plot that will give you plenty of mental gymnastics but will really get you somewhere by the time the curtain falls.

—M. W.

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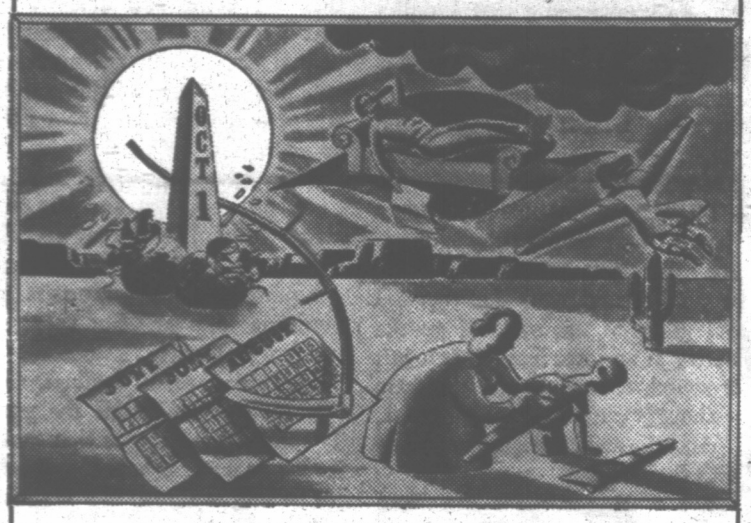

IN GENERAL the setting is on the desert to connote the purity and cleanliness of heat such as we who live within four walls enjoy from modern gas heating equipment. Storm clouds in the distance signify the threat of winter which can never disturb the carefree detachment of the characters depicted in the foreground.

A summer sun, the surrealist explains, represents the Summer Discount on Gas Heating Equipment for those who buy now. The milepost lettered OCT. 1 means monthly payments are put off into the distant future, while the bursting money bags represent the 10% Saving.

A scythe cutting up calendar pages denotes the passing of summer. June is slashed away. July is likewise slashed in twain. Only August remains unscathed. It is the final month of the Summer Discount on Gas Heating Equipment.

Though the clouds of winter swirl on the horizon, a mother fits wings to her little boy. A girl child flies carefree in the sky. This scene indicates that once gas heating is installed, a family may feel free as birds with worries of winter heating gone forever.

The man on the magic carpet signifies that here is a soul made free of earthly problems—released from the task of tending a household fire.

Now to return to reality, the message is this: This is the last month of the Summer Discount on Gas Heating Equipment. Buy Now. Save 10%. Monthly payments do not start until October 1.

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Personalities & Personals

Judge J. C. Beaumont of the superior court of Fresno, recently selected for the Federal bench of the Federal District Court, southern division, by Senator Sheridan Downey, was in Carmel on Sunday and Monday of this week with his wife and youngster.

+

Mary Agnes Grigsby, daughter of Mrs. Louise Grigsby of the Forest Hill School, will become the wife of Ensign McKinnon Landsdowne at Pride's Crossing, Mass., today.

+

The Misses Charlotte and Kathleen Doud of San Francisco have taken the Harry Stephens house on Camino Real for two months. They have as their house guests at present Miss Grace and Miss Florence Costello of San Francisco.

+

The Rev. Charles P. Deems, D. D., pastor of the Gethsemane Church in Minneapolis, and here on the Peninsula for the Second World Assembly of Moral Re-Armament, was guest preacher at All Saints' Church last Sunday.

+

Karl and Louise Mathiot and their daughter, Peggy, left for Santa Barbara Tuesday to attend the annual Fiesta. They took two of their finest Palominos with them, and Karl and Peggy were to ride them in the parade. They return today.

+

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Low with their sons, Peter and Kirby, are back again after a three weeks' trip to Crater Lake, Yellowstone Park and other points north and east.

+

The Lou Snyders were down from Berkeley last week-end, occupying one of their Casanova street houses, *Dorian Cottage*. This time, Mrs. Snyder's mother, Mrs. Frances Wright of San Francisco, came down with them.

+

Bill Wheeler sailed from Seattle on Wednesday of this week on the 35-foot ketch *Ulanah*. He was one of a crew of five, all former Thacher boys, and they will cruise around Puget Sound for the entire month of August. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Treat of Ojai are their host and hostess. Treat, who has been in the habit of taking Thacher boys on their Easter cruises, had the inspired thought of a summer cruise for his wife and himself, with a crew picked from five of his former students, two of whom are attending Harvard, and two Yale. Scenery around Puget Sound being comparable to nothing less than the Scandinavian fjords, we can imagine it will be a memorable experience.

+

Jane and Martha Millis were hostesses last Monday noon at a barbecue held in the garden of *Casa Querida*, their home on San Antonio street, and given in honor of Miss Helen Cerise and Miss Elaine Eckering, both of Chicago, and both active members of the Chicago bar. Miss Cerise is also president of the Women's Bar Association there. Their trip to the coast was arranged that they might attend the meeting of the National Bar Association, held in San Francisco three weeks ago, but included the house-party of the Lester Summerfields in Reno, where they met Jane and Martha. During their brief visit on the Peninsula they have been staying at Hotel Del Monte. Jane and Martha were their tea and dinner guests there Monday night. Miss Cerise and Miss Eckering left for Chicago Tuesday morning.

+

Mrs. E. A. Faust, her son, Reynolds, and a daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Faust, motored up from Hollywood last week-end to spend the week-end with E. R. Hamm and his family.

+

Linda Rooke-Ley left Carmel for New York Tuesday morning. She will go on to Philadelphia and plans to stay for a couple of months with her family there, but will beat back and forth during that time to visit with friends in New York. Little Peter is with her, and on the way out they are stopping off at Tucson to see Big Peter. Mrs. Rooke-Ley will resume her interior decorating business when she returns to Carmel in the fall.

+

Mrs. Loa Lloyd is looking forward to the arrival this week-end of Randolph Valensi whom she met in Paris two years ago. Valensi, who has just returned from a South American business trip for his father's Paris firm, is on his way to Los Angeles from Washington and Oregon. A friend, Edward Yerkes, will be with him.

+

Galt Bell, who was unable to get his usual accommodations at La Playa, has been staying over at the Mission Inn in Monterey for the past week.

+

Dick Bare returned last week-end from six-days-away at Claremont where he watched his new theater going up. It will be called the Village Theatre and is supposed to have its grand opening in September.

+

John and Mitzi Eaton had a houseful of guests over the week-end. Down from San Francisco came George Summers, David Roach, Erskine Roach and Bill Simpson, and from San Diego came George's mother, Mrs. George Summers, and his three sisters, Dorothy, Anita and Celita. Sunday found them all up the Carmel Valley at the B. H. Schulte picnic grounds where they swam and had a picnic supper. The boys drove back to the city late Sunday night. Mrs. Summers and the girls returned to San Diego by train on Tuesday.

+

Mrs. George Adams of Palo Alto, who has a house at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club this summer, had a tea last Monday. Her guests were Mrs. Stephen Downey, Mrs. Adolph Teichert, II, Mrs. Kent Clark and her mother, Mrs. Ira Miller, Mrs. John Nagle and Mrs. Graham McDonald of San Francisco.

+

Mrs. Henry Heilbron, Jr., of Sacramento, is occupying her Pacific Grove house at present and has as her house-guest Mrs. J. K. Reese, also of Sacramento.

+

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Morrissey and their daughter, Joanne, have been staying down on San Antonio street for the past two weeks. They return to their home in Sacramento Sunday.

+

Miss Norma Watrous of Sacramento will be the week-end guest of Mrs. Adolph Teichert, II, and her family.

+

Marjory Lloyd, who was up at the Peninsula Community Hospital last week for a few days with a brief illness, is at her home this week doing nicely indeed, and will be back on her job at the *Pine Cone* sometime next week.

+

Anne Greene got back from Berkeley Monday and now it oloks very much as though she'd be off for Mexico in about two weeks to be gone a month. Anne has been up in Berkeley with her sister Lala (Mrs. Michel Penha), for the past month. The proposed Mexican trip will be a vagabonding affair with no set itinerary.

+

After a short stay in Los Angeles, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Clayton Rogers of Kansas City, Missouri, arrived this week for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Alton H. Walker and Miss Sarah Rogers.

+

Friends of the von Saltzas and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Gentry will be glad to know that Dr. John von Saltza is home at Rancho Aguajito, and although he is confined to his bed and will be for many months, his condition is highly favorable. His mother, Mrs. Gentry, brought him home last week on Wednesday by ambulance from the San Joaquin Valley hospital in Tulare where he had been taken following his serious illness early in July.

+

The Del Monte Flyer leaving Monterey at 8:40 last Saturday morning carried aboard two young Carmel residents to whom train rides taken independent of family supervision or accompaniment are still events of importance. Garrett Gearing and Oliver Bassett, grade mates at Sunset School, found themselves bound for the city on the same day and joined forces for the journey. Garrett was on his way to visit his father in Berkeley and Oliver to spend a week-end doing the Fair very intensively, as guest of the Sinclair Trimbles of San Francisco. Garrett is still away but Oliver returned on the Streamliner Monday morning, slightly weary from a strenuous good time but entirely satisfied that he had made the most of every hour.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Turner of Palo Alto, with their small daughter, were over-the-week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goss. Richard Hubbard was with them.

+

Mrs. Robert Harnich, known to us more familiarly over some sort of years as Sammy Sampson, is now managing Blewett's Creamery — and doing it quite nicely, its patrons tell us.

+

Mrs. Gene Foster Whitaker, for whom our admiration grows in leaps and bounds, leaves Monday for the East. Her friends, Curt and Lydia Behrendt, whom she and her husband, Charles Whitaker (then editor of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*), knew in Berlin in 1923, arrived in Carmel last Tuesday night. They left for San Francisco this morning. When they leave for the East on Monday, Gene goes with them. All this decided in the space of a few short hours when we all, including Gene herself, thought her well settled here for the next few years. She'll be back, however.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Acheson, who have been guests at Forest Lodge for the past few weeks, left yesterday for Berkeley and will go from there up to Vancouver. Their two children and the nurse will not leave Carmel until tomorrow and will join Mr. and Mrs. Acheson in Vancouver later. The Achesons are from Shanghai where Mr. Acheson is connected with the customs service. Because of unsettled conditions in China, their return is problematical. Mrs. Acheson is the granddaughter of Sir Robert Hart, famous figure in Chinese affairs and organizer of the Chinese customs service.

+ + +

Music Society To Start Season With Ballet

The 13th annual winter series of the Carmel Music Society will open this year with the Ballet Caravan on November 25, the last Saturday in the month.

The last Saturday in the month seems to be the music society's day, for the Roth Quartet appears on January 27, and Virovai, the noted violinist, is scheduled to appear February 24. Myra Hess, the English pianist whose name has appeared at the top of the list for many years, has been obtained for the final concert of the season on April 6, 1940, which is also a Saturday, but the first one in this instance.

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- A juggler from the English Music Halls
- An American song and dance duo

+

For the First Time in America
Ronald and Roberta
will present

THE BOOPSA-DAISY

Latest
English Dance Craze

Gordon and Doris Campbell See Weird Dance in Indo-China; Letter Tells Of Exciting Journeys in Orient

You remember Gordon Campbell. He was the only member of the present city council of Carmel who could vote "No." If he hadn't been appointed United States Marshal for China and departed our midst things municipally in Carmel would undoubtedly be different today. We probably wouldn't have a $3,000 radio plaything for our police department and its personnel would not today be making the city ridiculous throughout the state by their lack of judgment and commonsense.

However, Gordy voted "No" twice at as many meetings of the city council and then just had to accept the swell job in the Orient and, taking unto himself a lovely wife in the person of Doris Dale of Monterey, he went hither and, since then, has been going thither.

The thither and the ways and turns of it come regularly in letters to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell, in Carmel. Occasionally, Mrs. Campbell lets us look at one or two of them, and out of them we glean a great deal of fascinated interest, much information and gallons of pleasure.

For instance, one of the recent epistles to arrive from Gordy relates the details of a trip he and Mrs. Gordy made by boat to and through Indo-China and Siam Gordy is a good son if letter-writing means anything, and he doesn't leave his mother and father and brother John guessing much about where he has been and what he has seen.

This most recent letter we were permitted to read tells of exciting experiences in a part of the world known scarcely at all to the stay-at-home and known not very much, in fact, to the casual traveler.

Did you ever hear of Angkor Wat, or Siem-Reap, or Kompong-Thom? Well, Gordon and Doris Campbell have—and been there. As witness or read:

"The same evening, March 18, at 9 o'clock, in the blackness of the tropical night, we sped from our hotel through the jungle to the temples of Angkor Wat, deserted for centuries. When we came within sight of the place, which not long before was without life, we saw it lighted up with what looked like a myriad fireflies. As we drew nearer and walked up the causeway to the main entrance we found the lights were individual torches of flames held, in each of the many archways, by little native boys. The effect was vivid and strangely mysterious. All this setting was for a native Cambodian dance which some of the locally-trained girls were putting on. These dances were the same as those performed in the days when the temples were inhabited and in the height of their glory. The dances had been handed down from year to year, from the Eighth to this, the Twentieth Century.

"Then, in the midst of this strange atmosphere, odd-sounding music broke forth. It was the band which accompanies the dancers. Finally, into a circle formed by the flaming torches, the gorgeously-attired, fancily-painted girl dancers came forth. They went through the weirdest poses imaginable with great stress laid on proper balancing and movement of the hands, fingers, feet and shoulders.

"The dance stopped suddenly and the dancers disappeared into the pitch black of the temple. Then a hideously-costumed devil dancer burst into sight and cut all sorts of capers before also retiring.

"The dances were most effectively staged. The temples, with their huge immobile faces, gazed down upon the dancers the same as they had 800 years ago. If you will remember that all of this took place in the shadow of the temple Angkor Wat, with the heavy growth of the dark jungle surrounding us on all sides, you can get some mental picture of what feelings we experienced."

As for Bangkok, he writes, porters try to get a dollar just for looking at your baggage, and the half-caste French-Indo girls have beautiful faces and figures and the native village part of the town makes you realize how wonderful plumbing is on the Monterey Peninsula.

At Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and residence of the king, there are fine paved streets, night tennis courts and fine parkways lining the streets. It was here, sometime last March, that Gordy first heard from a French hotel clerk that somebody named Hitler had pocketed some place called Czecho-Slovakia. And in their room in this same hotel lizards chased insects all over the ceiling. In the Silver Pagoda, across the street, or around the corner, was a tremendous jade Buddha that filled the whole end of the place, with its head reaching to the ceiling, and outside, or around another corner, Mrs. Campbell and Millicent Walker were "snapping up silver bracelets like trout rising to the bait."

It was here, also, that Gordon and Doris met two girls who had lived at the Monterey Presidio and gone to the Pacific Grove grammar school. Fancy that! (We have to go back on ourselves. It was at Siem-Reap, not Phnom-Penh, where the tremendous Buddha was, and is.)

And going back to the temples of Angkor Wat, where the weird dancing was, it required 20,000 slaves and 41 years to build them. Gordy, in that way of speech an American has, says that they "have it all over the pyramids of Egypt." And he adds that he was informed that the temple enclosure "formerly housed 1,000,000 people." You can take that or leave it for all we care, or Gordy does, for that matter. Anyway, there is a swimming pool 600 yards long.

While taking a train trip in Siam Gordy got out at a station to watch a bunch of Boy Scouts in a sack race and the trainman had to go after him to tell him that the train was waiting for him.

We also got, along toward the end of the letter in what you might call the "political section," this note of interest: "Paul McNutt is in North China at this time, en route to the U.S. If the women have anything to say he will be the next President. But Doris says she won't vote for him." You notice the careful turn of the legal mind in this remark. Gordy doesn't say what he will do, and you can't fire a United States Marshal for the political vagaries of his wife, or can you?

It is possible that Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Campbell will be coming back to the Peninsula in another year and a half, returning by way of Europe.

\+ + +

52 whiffs a year of the flavor and tang of Carmel can be sent to your friends and relations afar in a subscription to The Cymbal. One Dollar does it for a year.

Del Monte Party Will Initiate New Dance

As a souvenir of their "cruise," participants in Hotel Del Monte's "Around the World" party tomorrow night will bring to America the "Boopsa-Daisy," latest English dance-craze.

Presentation of the "Boopsa-Daisy" for the first time in America by Ronald and Roberta will be one of the features on a stellar entertainment program which already includes a star of the Folies Bergere, an English Music Hall juggler and an outstanding American song and dance duo.

The "Boopsa-Daisy" is intended primarily to introduce the new bustle idea in the fall clothes and will serve as something of a fashion pre-view.

It is coyly danced in waltz time in a manner reminiscent of the gay nineties, according to Ronald and Roberta who received the music for the dance from England by air clipper several days ago.

Decorations for the event are again in the hands of Bruce Ariss, Monterey artist, whose work at the recent "Tortilla Flat" party brought many favorable comments.

The Bali Room will be transformed into a luxury liner and guests will enter by way of a gangplank for an evening of international entertainment from the four corners of the globe.

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BURGESS BROTHERS AND KING TAKE OVER SERVICE STATION

Jim Burgess and Ruel King, both of whom have been associated with the Carmel Garage for nigh onto 15 years, are in business for themselves now, with Scotty Burgess, in the conduct of the Burgess Auto Service on the north-east corner of Seventh and San Carlos. They will handle Texaco gasoline and oil and give a complete automobile service. They have been named the Carmel emergency road service station of the California State Automobile Association (A.A.A.).

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SHEILA WHITAKER COUNTS 44 DIFFERENT 'FOREIGN' CARS IN CARMEL

Young Sheila Whitaker amused herself last week checking outside automobile licenses appearing on cars in Carmel. By the ebb of the week she had counted 37 states, Hawaii, three Canadian provinces, the District of Columbia and two foreign countries.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The local canine socialites are in a whirl of excitement as last minute preparations are under way for the outstanding social event of the season—the Del Monte Kennel Club show on Sunday. There is a great flurry of activity as the belles and beaux make their final preparations for the all-important day.

The youngsters are being brushed and groomed and schooled in ring etiquette and obedience so thoroughly that they probably will dazzle the poor judges with such an array of beauty, talent and charm.

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Tommy Warren had heard the story of Cinderella and Prince Charming and the Glass Slipper, so when he went up to the Art Institute to call on *Lucy Locket* Whitman and found she wasn't there, but a pair of her mistress' shoes were in her favorite place, he decided to do as Prince Charming had done—take a shoe and go out and look for his Cinderella. So *Tommy* trotted all around the neighborhood with the shoe in his mouth, but couldn't find *Lucy Locket*. He finally decided that maybe he should have used the other shoe, so he dropped the one he was carrying and went back and got the other one.

But still he didn't have any luck, so he dropped that shoe, too, and went home.

The next morning *Lucy's* mistress, Kit Whitman, came to the Art Institute to get her shoes and found that both of them had disappeared. After a frantic search, the night watchman found one shoe and Milton Latham found the other —but poor *Tommy* is still looking for his Cinderella.

\+

Ah Chu Davidson, an aristocratic Pekingese who is spending the summer at Pebble Beach with his master, George Davidson, went up to the Treasure Island dog show. He had a fine time and enjoyed it immensely and came home with two blue ribbons and a yellow one.

Ah Chu is looking forward to attending the Del Monte show for two good reasons: first, because he would like to add a couple more ribbons to his growing collection, and second (his real reason, we suspect), he hopes to see that fascinating little Pomeranian who completely stole his heart away on Treasure Island. Here's hoping *Ah Chu* does both.

\+

Would you like to have your dog walked? If so, phone Oliver Bassett at 702. This enterprising young fellow has started a "Dog Walking and Exercising" business, and for a moderate rate will take your dog out and give him a run.

Oliver is a responsible person and, having a dog of his own, knows from experience all the fine points of dog-walking.

This exercising service should be a boon to busy vacationers and villagers alike who haven't the time to give their dogs the exercise they need.

CARMEL MISSION MASSES

Sunday masses during the summer months held at 7, 9 and 11 o'clock. Mr. Noel Sullivan and his select choir will sing during the 11 o'clock Mass each Sunday.

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Apologizing to the Council for Having Interfered With Police, But Being Very Glad That We Did

Dear City Council:

I committed what could be generally classified as an unpardonable sin last Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. I attempted to interfere with a police officer in what he honestly believed to be the discharge of his duty. I herewith apologize, but in the same breath, or in the same typewritten line, I declare that I am damned glad I did what I did.

I attempted to restrain by persuasion Leslie Overhulse from giving a traffic violation ticket to a woman driver of an automobile and, when he declined to accede to my persuasion, I apologized to the lady in the name of Carmel for the conduct of our police department. Because it was not my business to interfere, I apologize to you who are responsible for that police department, but at the same time I want to say that, given the opportunity, I would do the same thing again. I was ashamed of our police department for its lack of commonsense and judgment as exemplified in the conduct of Leslie Overhulse, and in apologizing to the lady in the car, I did so with the feeling that I was voicing the reaction of every good citizen of this town who might have seen what I did.

This is what happened: I was talking with Captain Shelburn Robison in his office just above the street at that corner. My eyes fell on a car parked directly across the crosswalk in front of the Carmel Dairy. The car was really "parked"; it was unoccupied.

"There, Captain," I said, "is a case of what makes me boil. That driver, whoever and wherever he is, should be arrested. There is no excuse for that sort of disregard for the welfare and comfort of others."

Captain Robison had no sooner expressed agreement with me than we both looked down and saw a car drive up and stop at a similar position, across the crosswalk, just below us in front of the post office. And immediately we saw Policeman Leslie Overhulse approach it. We saw him speak to the driver and we saw the car immediately move around the corner to a double-parking position on Mission street.

"Now," said the captain. "He'll cross the street and get the car parked dead on the crosswalk."

But he didn't. He followed the car below us and when we went to the Mission street window of the captain's office, we could see down into the car and see a woman opening the dashboard compartment to get her license and registration and everything, and Overhulse standing at the front fender writing out a ticket.

"Why in fury is he doing that?" I inanely asked Captain Robison. "The lady moved when he spoke to her. Why give her a tag? She wasn't there a second and she moved when told. That's nonsense. It's the car across the street he should get."

Captain Robison agreed with me and we stood there watching Overhulse writing out his ticket. A young man, who had dashed into the post office when the lady stopped at the corner, came back and got in beside her. But Overhulse still fussed around with his ticket.

Then I got mad and went down. I asked the lady if she had been sitting in the car when Overhulse had first approached her. She had. I asked her if she moved when he spoke to her. She had. I turned to Overhulse and asked him why it was necessary to give her a ticket in a case like that. He was very polite to me, and, I would say, very tolerant of me. "When you have orders from higher up you have to obey them," he said. "Yes," I answered, "and this sort of thing on the part of the police department is making Carmel ridiculous in the eyes of the whole state." Overhulse did not argue with me; he went on writing out his ticket.

I asked the lady for her name. She gave it to me: Mrs. B. P. Upham. She was not a resident of Carmel, she said, but had a house here. She lived in San Francisco.

"Mrs. Upham," I said, "I want to apologize to you in the name of Carmel for this sort of conduct on the part of the police department."

That was all, but it was not the thing for me to do. I am sorry I did it because it was not the thing to do. I am glad I did it because it was the thing I wanted very much to do.

I believe that it is time that you, the city council, took over your police department from Councilman Bechdolt and did something about instilling judgment and commonsense into its members or, failing to do that, and I am dubious of your possible success, getting some different policemen.

Sincerely
W. K. BASSETT

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BARONESS LIANE DE GIDRO, HUNGARIAN SCULPTOR, IS TO TALK AT INSTITUTE

Just arrived in Carmel is Baroness Liane de Gidro, sculptor of note and a Hungarian from Budapest, who has been several months in this country. The Baroness is to be connected with the Carmel Art Institute and all interested in meeting her are invited to come there next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. She is to talk about conditions in Budapest and why she happens to be in this country, and about her work.

She has come from New York and has just completed a head of Toscanini. She has also done heads of Mussolini and Hitler. Her work is said to have great inner vigor, is noted for a rigorous adherence to style, and her execution is smooth and clear, sometimes biting with its mischievous vivacity. She has some of her small bronzes with her. On top of all this, the Baroness Liane is a natural ash blonde with dark eyes, is utterly charming, fascinating and sincere. So, you'll be at the Art Institute next Thursday?

+ + +

CHILDREN GIVE PROGRAM AT LA COLLECTA CLUB MEETING

La Collecta Club held last Wednesday what was generally admitted to have been the most interesting meeting of the year. The program was given largely by children of the members. Mrs. Howard Timbers called the meeting to order with 13 members present at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Chappell. Mrs. Mildred Melrose read an article on real children in a palace, a story about Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose by Helen Welshiner.

Joy Melrose played two violin solos, Brahms' *Lullaby* and the *Merry Widow Waltz*, accompanied by Valona Brewer, her teacher. Carol Louise Timbers, Patricia Ann Timbers and Carol Jean Graham sang two songs: "Six Little Ducks" and "California Poppies." Next came a reading by Patricia Ann: "My Shadow." The two little Timbers girls and Carol Jean Graham were responsible for the remainder of the program, all songs. Refreshments followed, served by the hostess.

The next meeting will be on August 16 at the home of Mrs. Vive Harber. Miss Anne Martin has charge of the program and will speak on "Human Relations."

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JUNE HEIDRICK'S RECITAL DEEPLY STIRS HEARERS

The Kuster family, or the Ted and Gay of it, bore down on us suddenly this last Monday and insisted that they had heard, on the previous Sunday afternoon in Monterey, a song recital that stirred them deeply. It was that of June Angeline Heidrick, mezzo-soprano, a young girl of 20, presented by her teacher, Mme. Sylvia Sinding. With Carol Moore Turner accompaying, Miss Heidrick sang two groups of the loveliest of German songs, and one group of English. The Kusters predict a great future for her.

Ted, Gay and Colin came up for the week-end to put their house in shape for another tenant. Kuster will remain here until September, but Gay and Colin are returning to their Los Angeles home.

Although the new Santa Cruz Highway was opened to traffic July 4, the road is not yet complete, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club and at times during week-days the road is likely to be closed for short periods. If the road is closed temporarily traffic will be routed over the old road with as little inconvenience as possible.

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$275 LOT—40 x 100 ft. in La Loma Terrace. A real bargain. Sunny, level. Four to select from or 2 sold together $500. These lots will not last long at such low prices. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (5)

BEAUTIFUL LOT in redwoods of Palo Colorado canyon. 25 min. from Carmel. 40,000 ft. of trees. Half acre. Spring water. Tel. Carmel acre. Spring water. $400. Tel. Carmel 784-W. P. O. Box 1403. (6)

$650 LOT—This is a hillside lot that commands a fine view, is very large, having over 110 ft. frontage. No crowding of houses in this section. Large homes adjoining, so that it is an established neighborhood. All utilities there. FHA will loan for new home on the new 4½% Interest Loan. Any Agent in Carmel will show you that this lot is a bargain by comparison. Terms can be arranged to suit. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (5)

Carmel Land Bargains
Within three minutes walk of Post Office there is a wooded lot for sale at $500. A little further away, but still close in, another at $350. Also a big bargain in a view site. WHITE REALTY COMPANY, Carmel. Tel. 171. (5)

VIEW LOT $750—A fine large lot 118 x 100 ft. with a view of the water thru the trees. Ideal for building. Finer type homes all around. This lot should bring $1500, and would be cheap at $1000. Our price $750 and on terms. See it—compare with any lot in or close to Carmel for real value. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Or See Any Carmel Broker. (5)

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

TWO BEDROOM furnished house with central heat. $50. This property has two acres of choice view lots overlooking ocean, and a two bedroom guest house. An unusual rental offering. This property can be bought now at a low figure. You should see this property to appreciate its unusual value. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at 8th. Tel. 303. (5)

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

LARGE SUNNY double or single bedroom 3 min. walk from beach. N. E. cor. Casanova and 13th. Tel. Carmel 94-W. (tf)

13—ROOM AND BOARD

ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470 (tf)

31—INFORMATION WANTED

$50.00 REWARD for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons found guilty of damaging the gate or locks on same at the entrance to the San Clemente Dam properties.
California Water & Telephone Co.
Del Monte Properties Company

17—FOR SALE

Antiques

RARE OLD PIECES of furniture. Early American, English Gothic and Italian Renaissance. Tel. 682-W. (tf)

Typewriters

FOR SALE. Typewriter Oliver No. 9. Excellent condition good for years of service. $8.50. Also monk's cloth and striped crash curtains cheap. J. E. Harris, 10th and San Carlos sts. Southeast corner. (tf)

Miscellaneous

ART LOVERS ATTENTION! Rare opportunity to buy mural panel at extremely low price. Inquire Cymbal L-48. (tf)

29—JOBS WANTED

WHAT-DO-YOU-WANT-DONE Bureau offers the most versatile service conceived by man. You name it, we do it. Anything. Furniture refinished, odd jobs done, satisfaction guaranteed at prices even you can afford. Tel. 1100. (4)

IS YOUR DOG getting enough exercise during the quarantine? If not, call Carmel 702. Any time, any dog, any place south of Ocean Ave. (tf)

REFINED CHRISTIAN LADY, middle age, would like to be companion to lady. Prefers one who travels. Best of references. Write B. E. Weeks, 2426 San Jose Ave., Alameda, Calif. (tf)

LISTEN: If you want any ghost-writing done, or manuscripts made ready for the publisher, let MARJORIE WARREN do it for you. She needs to earn some extra money. (tf)

24—LOST AND FOUND

LOST: ONE BLACK KITTEN, aged 6 mos., white patch on tummy; answers to name of "Foggy." $5 reward. Phone 412. (5)

WHITE GOLD Hamilton watch and bracelet. Initials M.M. on back. Reward. Notify Miss M. Moore, 113-14th St., Pacific Grove. (5)

LOST—Bunch of keys in black folding leather container. Return to Cymbal office. (5)

32—FOREIGN TRAVEL

TRAVEL, TOURS, and cruises to all parts of the world now being arranged by Carmel's new travel service. Alaska, Europe, Hongkong, South America—ANYWHERE. See accredited agent: J. F. Leys, care Carmel Investment Company, or telephone 63. (tf)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL.

These Are The Reasons

CARMEL WOODS

Lots Are Selling!

+

LOTS ARE MUCH LARGER
and
PRICES ARE MUCH LOWER

+

ALL UTILITIES ARE AVAILABLE

F. H. A. Loans

A SECTION OF NEW HOMES

+

Drive Thru

FULL DETAILS ANY CARMEL BROKER

There's Good Old-Time Vaudeville In "Rose of Washington Square" At the Carmel Beginning Sunday

TYRONE POWER, ALICE FAYE and AL JOLSON in "Rose of Washington Square" at the Carmel, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

Who said vaudeville was dead?

According to theater-wise Seymour Felix, this once-favorite form of entertaining is not only still alive and kicking, but is definitely on its way back—in motion pictures.

And Felix should know whereof he speaks. For the famous dance director, who handled the dance numbers in most of the late Flo Ziegfeld's famous "Follies," was selected by Production Chief Darryl F. Zanuck to engage vaudeville talent for sequences in "Rose of Washington Square," the Twentieth Century-Fox production starring Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Al Jolson on the screen of the Carmel Theatre Sunday and playing through Tuesday, August 6, 7 and 8.

You'll hear all your old favorite numbers again in a list that includes "My Man," "Toot Toot Tootsie, Goodbye," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," "Ja-Da," "April Showers," "Mammy," "Rose of Washington Square," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "I'm Just Wild About Harry," "California, Here I Come" and "Avalon."

Gregory Ratoff directed the film from a screen play by Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson.

Today and tomorrow, August 4 and 5, you may see Henry Fonda in the role of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Not the Great Emancipator, but the backwoods lawyer who wrestled with the boys, had an endless fund of funny stories, fell in love with a country girl and met his first challenge in a "moonlight murder" case—this is the story of Abraham Lincoln that has never been told. Darryl F. Zanuck brings it to the screen, featuring besides Fonda, Alice Brady, Marjorie Weaver and Arleen Whelan.

\+ + +

LYONS TURNS HIS THEATER OVER TO M.R.A. GROUP

Leo Lyons, manager of the Carmel Theatre, was host last Saturday afternoon to 1100 of the Moral Re-Armament workers when he let them use the theater for a presentation of their own pictures, "Youth Marches On," "Bridge Builders" and certain newsreels. He welcomed them on behalf of the management and the city of Carmel and postponed his own show for 20 minutes, which we call a true Christian gesture.

\+ + +

52 whiffs a year of the flavor and tang of Carmel can be sent to your friends and relations afar in a subscription to The Cymbal. One Dollar does it for a year.

Surprise Pre-View At Filmarte

The Filmarte Theatre is showing a major-studio pre-view on Sunday evening at 8:30 sharp. Manager Dick Bare, somewhat elated, says that the pre-view will be shown once only and urges everyone attending to be in his seat by 8:30.

The name of the picture, in accordance with Hollywood custom, is being kept secret. It is a William K. Howard production, however. Howard directed "Queen Christina," "Cat and the Fiddle," "Vanessa," and "Stamboul Quest." The Hollywood *Reporter* says: "The film is a triumph for William K. Howard and all concerned. It is a powerfully moving story, that is destined to take its place among the finer things of the screen."

To be shown with the pre-view, and to be continued on Monday and Tuesday, is the light, musical, "Swing, Sister, Swing," with Ernest Truex, Ken Murray, Johnny Downs and Ted Weems and his orchestra.

CARMEL THEATRE

FRI, SAT • AUGUST 4, 5

Henry Fonda, Marjorie Weaver
Arleen Whelan

Young Mr. Lincoln

also

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE

SUN, MON, TUE • AUG. 6, 7, 8

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye
Al Jolson

Rose of Washington Square

March of Time No. 12

WED, THUR • AUG. 9, 10

Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray

Invitation to Happiness

also

WOLF CALL

Summer Matinee Thursday, Friday and Saturday at 2 p.m. Sunday Continuous

Filmarte

CARMEL • MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH • PHONE 409

FRI • SAT

2

Alexander Korda Successes

"MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES"

and

"Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel"

SUNDAY NIGHT 8:30

MAJOR STUDIO PREVIEW

of one of Hollywood's Surprise Hit Pictures

also

"SWING, SISTER, SWING"

First Run Musical with Ernest Truex, Ken Murray

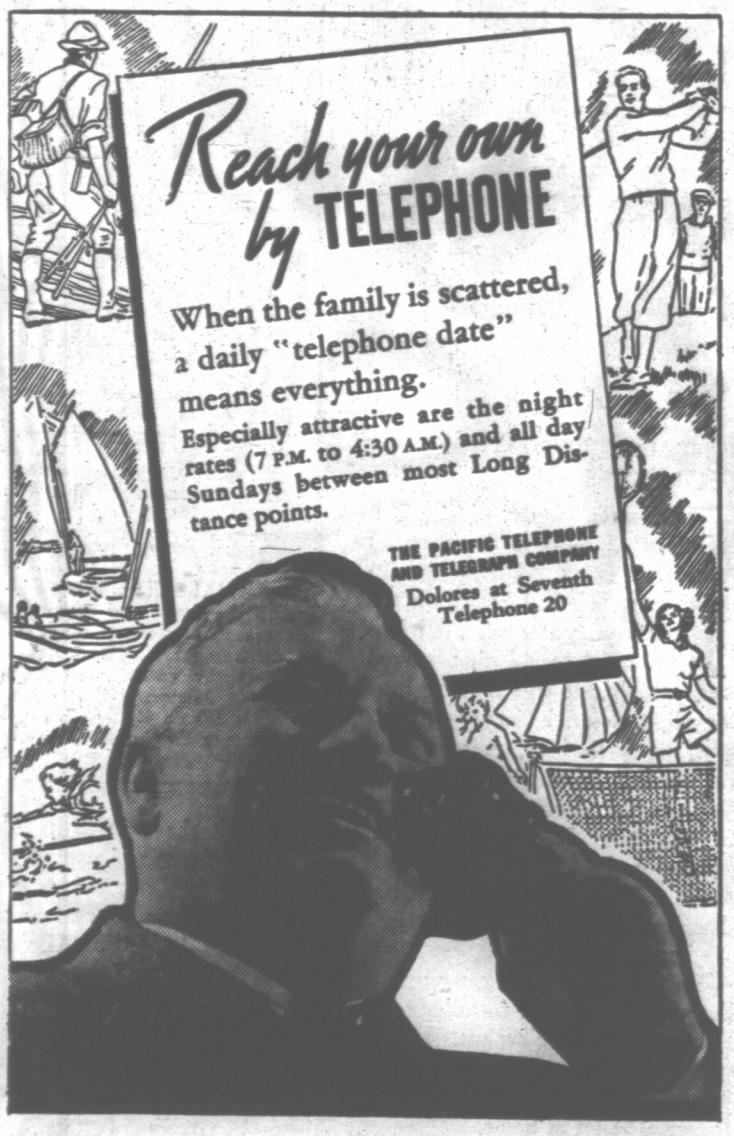
(Plays Sun., Mon., Tues.)

WED • THURS

Sally O'Neil

"KATHLEEN"

Based on the Irish Classic "Kathleen Mavourneen"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HOLMAN'S

48th Anniversary Sale

EXTRA STAMPS ALL THROUGH OUR 48TH ANNIVERSARY SALE!

DRESSES — Now 2.95 to 14.95
Prints, Sheers, Candy Stripes, Pastels, Whites, Colors! Tailored, Dressy, Plain! All thrown into one remarkably reduced group! Complete size range, but limited sizes in each style! Come early! Values from 3.95 to 22.75

WASH DRESSES — Now 79c
Sheer prints, smocks, playsuits. Every one of them worth 1.95 . . . now all mixed into this big scramble group! All slashed to the same price!

Children's Dresses — Now 79c to 1.49
Exceptional values! Broken sizes reduced to clear! Attractively styled in light and dark hues! Sizes 1 to 6x. Values to 2.95.

CHAMBRAY CLASSICS — All 7.95 Each
Beautifully tailored classics! Classics that you've bought for 11.50 to 12.95 many a time! Limited number . . . they'll go rapidly, too!

COATS — Now 4.95
Tweedy, finger-tip Jigger Coats . . . fashion in every line. Broken size group. Variety of color mixes! Be an early bird for these! Were 6.95.

SKIRTS — Now Only 1.49 to 3.95
Violet, Chartreuse, Navy! Some Some Whites! Mixed group of irresistible bargains, all valued from 3.50 to 7.95!

KARASHAN SLIPONS — Now 3.95 and 4.95
Lovely, extra soft, warm, lightweight slipons! Extra fine choice . . . wide range of colors! Patio Blue, Green, Fjord Blue, Pine Green, Copper Wine, Black. Values from 5.95 to 7.95

BOUCLE BLOUSES — Each 1.00
Beautiful variety of blouses, all broken sizes to 46. Rust, Navy, Brown, White, Blue, Yellow. Regardless of former price.

FABRIC GLOVES — 69c
Only for clearance would such an offer be made! Famous name gloves, nationally advertised! Standard brand with a standard price of $1 always! NOW—

Girls' All-Wool Sweaters — 79c
Slipon and coat styles! Mixed lots of styles, colors, all worth 2.95. All slashed. Sizes 8 to 16. Prices vary, starting at—

GIRLS' BLOUSES — 49c to 79c
Tailored and fancy cottons! Sheers and broadcloth! Button-on, tuckin, overblouses! Sizes 7 to 16. Values to 1.95. NOW—

Junior Formals — 2.95
Sheer mussolines in white and pastels! Taffetas in jewel tones! Grand buys, every one of them! 12, 14, 16. All 6.95 values!

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